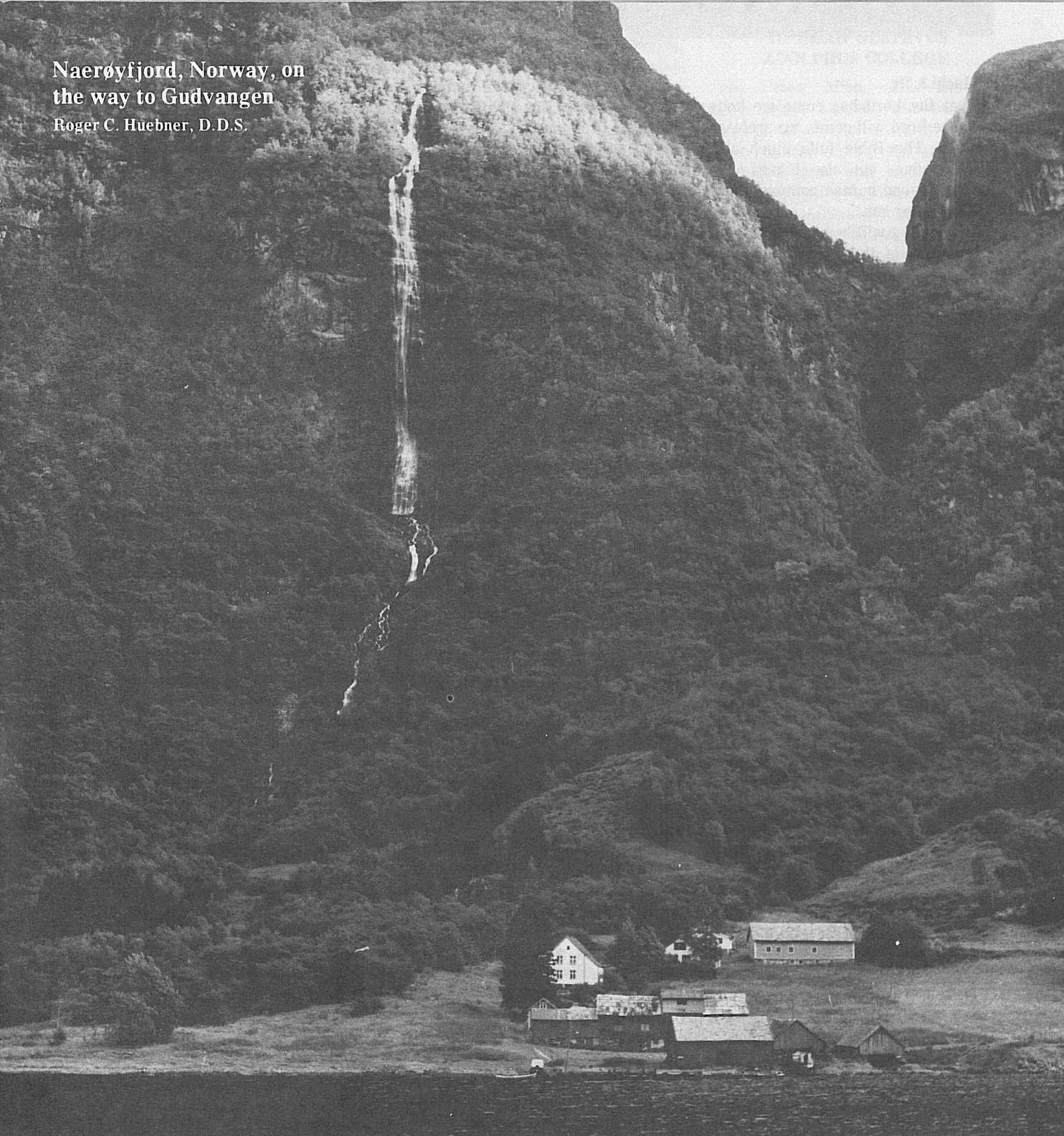


July 29, 1975

# The Lutheran Ambassador

Naerøyfjord, Norway, on  
the way to Gudvangen

Roger C. Huebner, D.D.S.



# MEDITATION MOMENTS

## WHO CAN ENDURE THE DAY OF HIS COMING?

### Malachi 3:2b

That the Lord has come we know; that the Lord will come, we profess to believe. The Bible tells much about that coming, but also leaves much that is beyond human comprehension, "past finding out."

His coming will be sudden. The very suddenness of that return teaches us that the time of preparation is then past. Many are forever pressing to hear sermons or see movies about "The Rapture," etc., but hear nothing and see little concerning a deeper life and walk with Him in preparation for the coming eternal walk.

When our blessed Lord does come suddenly, He will return for judgment; no nice distinctions will then be drawn. Then it shall be seen who have worshipped God in spirit and in truth. It will be absolute, to the right or to the left. "Who can endure the day of His coming?" Beyond this there may, indeed, be degrees in glory or misery.

True professions, false professions; who can endure His coming? Hypocrisy and true sainthood will be clearly unveiled. "Then those who feared the Lord spoke to one another, and the Lord gave attention and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for those who fear the Lord and who esteem His name. 'And they will be Mine,' says the Lord of hosts, 'on the day that I prepare My own possession, and I will spare them as a man spares his own son who

serves him.' So you will again distinguish between the righteous and the wicked, between one who serves God and one who does not serve Him" (Malachi 3:16-18).

The Apostle says that some can stand in that day. Who? Only the real Christian: the man who has the Spirit of the Living God dwelling in his heart. There must be faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The man who stands now, stands by faith. He will stand and endure His coming. The man with no trust or confidence in Christ, yet seems to have much morality, will be found wanting in the balances of eternity.

His coming is certain. "Men of Galilee, why do you stand looking into the sky? This Jesus who has been taken up from you into heaven, will come in just the same way as you have watched Him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11). Therefore, we need to be certain concerning our readiness. "And now, little children, abide in Him, so that when He appears, we may have confidence and not shrink away from Him in shame at His coming. If you know that He is righteous, you know that every one also who practises righteousness is born of Him" (I John 2:28-29).

His coming will be glorious. His first coming was in glory, too, but veiled in outward meanness and humiliation. When He walked here, it was the age of force. Society was not

in a condition to hear Christ favorably. We say the time was ripe for His coming. As to necessity, yes; as to preparation, no. Few were able to abide it. Few could stand when He appeared. An era of peace and good-will was to be ushered in. But there were promises requiring fulfillment not so immediate. There were conditions, Not everyone saying, "Lord, Lord," were saved. Consecration, which implies self-surrender, is needed. One who takes up his cross is involved in purity of heart, speech, actions. The standard of chastity was raised higher than ever; "overcome evil with good." Don't give back blow for blow. We are to actually love our enemies, pray for them and do good. Christ is the great Refiner of men.

Who will endure His (glorious) coming? That is, when He comes as a judge. Again it means to be ready, certain, always forgiven of the Father through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and coming King.

In a sense, His coming must really be now—doing a glorious work of refining as by fire. As fire, His Spirit still tests and separates men, as a divine heat in kindling shame, disgust and remorse at our failures and sins. He will not lead us to despair. God be praised! He manifests Himself to us as a refining heat. Oh, God, gloriously manifest yourself to our souls.

—Lawrence C. Dynneson

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# My Experiences at the Manambaro and Ejeda Lutheran Hospitals in The Malagasy Republic

Oct. 10, 1974-Jan. 10, 1975

By Peter E. Dyrud

On October 10, 1974, as I was flying from the east coast of Africa towards Madagascar, the world's fourth largest island, many thoughts passed through my mind. This was not my first trip to this grand, beautiful island, because I had spent most of my first 17 years of life there, living in a land so full of contrasts and inhabited by the friendly Malagasy people, as diversified in their ethnic origins as the island they live on. The exhilaration of landing in Tananarive, the modern capital city, was surpassed only by my landing a few days later in the beautiful historic seaport of Fort Dauphin. Set at the southern tip of Madagascar, this city possesses an idyllic charm which had constantly enveloped my boyhood school years.

I was the fortunate and grateful recipient of a Medical Assistance Program—Dewitt Wallace International Fellowship to spend three months as a senior medical student working in two American Lutheran mission hospitals in the southern part of the island.

The Manambaro Lutheran Hospital, situated about 15 miles from Fort Dauphin, is a 65-bed hospital, currently staffed by three American physicians, two family practitioners and one general surgeon; one dentist; three American nurses; an American hospital administrator who also serves the Ejeda Lutheran Hospital; and a number of Malagasy nurses, surgical and medical assistants, lab technicians and mid-wives.

This hospital's clientele consists of mainly the Malagasy Tanosy and Tandroy tribes of the South, but due to the excellent reputation of the two mission hospitals, includes those of other tribes located in the central part of the island, as well as some Indians, French, and American missionaries.

A typical day began with 6:30 a.m. chapel services, one for the hospital

staff and one led by the Malagasy hospital chaplain for the patients. Then rounds would take us through rooms, each containing five eagerly waiting patients of all ages and a great variety of diseases. These patients tended to be very ill, having exhausted the efficacy of their self-treatment and later that of their local witch-doctor before finally resorting to the mission hospital, which was not always within a day's walking or driving distance.

By the nature of their disease, one would often know the area from where they came. For the Mandrare River, running through vast sisal plantations near the town of Ambosary, levied on the many who drank its water a heavy price—typhoid fever. And other regions well known for their rice production harbored the dread disease of Schistosomiasis. Some locales had the dubious distinction of possessing up to a 98% rate of incidence of infection with this blood fluke. All would not have the symptoms—yet. One could say the same for malaria, for it, too, was essentially ubiquitous.

Other disease entities seen often on daily rounds included tuberculosis; meningitis; venereal disease; evidences of traumatic deliveries; pneumonia in infants and young children which, due to a cultural taboo, presented a challenge to treatment, as the mothers would not allow their infants to assume other than the supine position; severe malnutrition—some children are fed only rice; and infestation with a variety of worms, and this also is extremely widespread. Neonatal tetanus, polio, measles, and whooping cough are also seen quite frequently bearing credence to the fact that health education and an active immunization program are of vital importance. And indeed, these programs have been instituted, for both mission hospitals now have mobile well baby clinics which serve the outlying villages.

The Ejeda Lutheran Hospital is located in a very arid region of Southwest Madagascar and serves the people of the Mahafaly and Tandroy tribes. This hospital is a 60-bed hospital which is staffed by two physicians (an American, and a Malagasy physician trained in France, an American dentist and nurse, and numerous Malagasy personnel).

An interesting and unique feature common to both hospitals is that they have no dietary department. The family who brings the patient to the hospital lives in one of the guest houses nearby and provides the meals and some of the personal care. Also, one or two members of a patient's family sleep on straw mats on the floor beside the patient's bed and thus contribute to his psychological and emotional therapy. These and other cultural and sociological differences help in allaying the fear and anxiety associated with recovering from illness in a strange environment.

An interesting case I remember was that of a five-year-old boy who was brought 100 kilometers over the mountains by his father to the Manambaro Hospital to see the visiting orthopedic surgeon. This small boy was severely bow-legged, which, needless to say, was a serious handicap when playing ball with his peers. His father, in trying to persuade him, had said that after the operation he would be able to run and play like all the other little boys. After giving it serious consideration, the boy finally consented, but was he disappointed when after recovering from anesthesia he found his legs immobilized in a lower half body cast! His spirits did lift eventually, however, as he realized how straight his legs had become and thought of the times soon to come when he would be competing with his friends on an equal basis.

A very sad experience that I was involved with concerned a 15-year-old pregnant girl, who, in labor, traveled

in an oxcart for five days and nights before reaching the Ejeda Hospital. Her baby, though born alive, exhibited brain injury and respiratory difficulty and died two days later.

There were times I was able to visit small villages on Sunday mornings with various missionary pastors. These experiences enabled me to witness the enthusiasm and hunger that the Malagasy people have for the Word of God. Steeped in the ancient traditions and superstitions of ancestral worship and animism, these people learn of the great freedom and power which a committed life in Christ gives.

Had Madagascar changed in any way? Because eight years had elapsed since I was last in Madagascar, I anticipated some changes

and indeed there were—some subtle and some not. The beauty of the Fort Dauphin area was immediately obvious to me, as it had fully recovered from the ravages of the 1961 hurricane which had leveled practically every tree. The Malagasy children were beginning to enjoy the swimming beaches as much as we used to and still do.

The number of ships lowering anchor in the Fort Dauphin harbor had strikingly diminished, attesting to the new economy. I was told that the amount imported was now about five per cent of what it had been ten years ago. The merchandise in the shops seemed almost non-existent, many shelves were bare and some of the Indian and Chinese merchants had

gone out of business. Madagascar is attempting to even out its balance of trade. However, I did notice a few new buildings, two new bridges, and a soon-to-be-completed stretch of blacktop in southern Madagascar.

The educated young people seem to have more nationalistic pride and are more knowledgeable and curious about the outside world.

The Malagasy Lutheran Church has become more self-sufficient in terms of accepting responsibility and exercising leadership, but is still very grateful for the prayers and support of Christians in America.

All in all, Madagascar hasn't really changed that much, and I guess I'm happy for that. Some day I hope to return as a medical missionary.



SUMMER PASTORAL SCENE

Rev. Einar Unseth

## THE LORD'S DAY

By Rev. Gerald F. Mundfrom, Grafton, N. Dak.

### Part II (Concluded)

Now there are two definite things we need bear in mind regarding the Lord's Day. One, it is to be a day of rest; and, two, it is to be a day when we are to meet God in His house together with other Christians. Of these two, the second is the most important.

There are many who make the Lord's Day a day of rest by sleeping late, by going to a ball game, watching television, visiting relatives, going to the lake shore, or taking a trip. But they do not observe the day or remember it in the right way by going to church. They neglect the most important thing.

It is important for health's sake that we have a day of rest once a week from our work. However, if it is not possible to take this rest on the first day of the week, the second best thing is to take it on another day of the week. God knows that some types of work, especially taking care of the sick, must be done on Sunday. Jesus made it plain in His teaching that some types of work are permissible on the Lord's Day (John 5:8-9, Mark 2:23, Luke 6:1).

If as a Christian, we must work on Sunday, we should examine our own heart to see what our true motive is for so working. Is it out of necessity that we work or is it to profit financially? The Lord does not will that the Lord's Day be a day in which we enrich ourselves materially. It is a day in which we are to enrich ourselves spiritually. This does not mean that we cannot accept pay for anything we do on Sunday. A man is worth his hire also on the Lord's Day. But it does mean that if profiteering is the only motive or our main motive for working on this day, that we are transgressing against God's third commandment. Our motive for working should be because of necessity and because the work cannot wait for the morrow. We need beware that greed for the material does not enter in. God has given us six days in which

we can profit materially; the seventh day is intended for rest and soul nourishment.

Even though we labor out of necessity on the Lord's Day, the need to gather at God's house, or go to church is still prevalent. There should be a thirst within the Christian to be in God's house, such as was evident in David. If this kind of thirst is not present, something spiritual is lacking. And if the thirst is there it must be satisfied.

It is the regular gathering of the Christians in God's house on the Lord's Day that glorifies God. Such is a witness to the world that has little respect for the Lord's Day. It is not the resting of our body from labor that draws attention to God.

Even though we have to work on Sunday, an effort should be made, if at all possible, to get excused from work in order to go to church. This, too, will be a witness to the world as to the importance of taking time for the hearing of God's Word.

Some Christians have been able to get excused from work on Sunday morning for an hour or two in order to be able to attend worship service. This is in order. We should do what we can and take advantage of what is available for us in this way.

Some time ago, when I was preaching as a guest pastor in a certain village, one of the members was asked to work for his company on that Sunday. He was not happy about this and was disappointed that he could not attend worship service while I was there. But it so happened that the worship service was broadcast live over the local radio station. During the forenoon lunch break this man invited a friend of his, with whom he was working, to sit with him in his pickup and they listened to my preaching over the radio.

Now such is not the ideal, but it is doing the very best you can when there is a mountain in the way. God loves to see a desire in the heart in

wanting to be in His house and to hear His Word. He will help us and work with us in finding a way to hear that Word if we work with Him, and if we really want to find a way.

However, He can see through all make-believe. Do not pretend that you love the things of God, if you do not. God can see your heart. To pretend is to call down God's judgment upon yourself.

Now it may not always be possible for all who are enslaved by their job on Sunday to get time off to go to church. Distance between church and the place we work may also be a problem. These are real mountains. But again prayer can do much to remove these mountains, if we really want them moved.

I remember back to my Army days. As a soldier in the medical corps, I was often on duty on Sunday. It was my lot to be shifted around a lot. I worked in hospitals, dispensaries and first-aid stations, and had many different sergeants and army officers giving me orders at different times. But no matter where I was on Sunday, I always made it known in as loving a way as I knew how, that I had a desire to go to church. Never once in almost three years of service was I ever denied the privilege of attending service even when on duty. Quite often I went to church as I was, in my "whites" or work clothes, but I did have the opportunity to go.

In my own heart, I believe that God made it possible for me to go, because He knew that I wanted to go. There were others who complained that they would like to go to church, but couldn't because they had to cook, nurse, or be on duty in some way. If these others ever prayed about this matter, I do not know. If they really wanted to go, I cannot say. This I know, God never failed me. He always opened the way for me to go.

Sometimes the question is asked, "Is it fair," or "Is it Christian to leave your job and go to church expecting someone else, who is willing, to fill in for you while in church?"

In a broader sense, the same question could be asked regarding the whole of the Lord's Day.

"Can we expect the world, those who do not want to go to church, and who are not interested in observing

the Lord's Day in a Christian way, to do the work (again, if they are willing), that needs to be done on this day in order that those who want to go to church and observe this day in a Christian way, can do so?"

Again, I believe God's Word has an answer to this question. In Matthew 8:22, it reads (Jesus speaking), "Follow me: and let the dead bury their dead." The dead here has reference to the spiritually dead. (It cannot mean the physically dead, because the physically dead are never capable of burying themselves.) Our physical work is also dead work because it does not give spiritual life. Even physical health is not spiritual and is dead because it does not last.

What Jesus is saying in this verse is that it is not wrong or unfair to let the world look after the temporal things of this world while the Christians go to church, or find their place at Jesus' feet, taking care of that which is spiritual.

Quite often those who do not go to church are, nevertheless, willing and ready to help those to go, who want to go. They are ready to fill in for the Christian so that the Christian can do his Christian duty. In the army, I had no trouble getting someone to fill in for me on Sunday. I tried to be a friend during the week and I had no trouble in getting a favor when I needed a favor on Sunday. Rather than begrudge me the opportunity of going to church, those whom I worked with respected me for wanting to go, even though they had no plans of going themselves.

In this day, double pay is quite often given to those who work on Sunday. This should make it easier for the Christian to get someone to fill in for him. However, double pay can also be a temptation to the Christian to want to work on the Lord's Day. Such may be more appealing to some than going to God's house in order to listen to a sermon. Let us beware lest we be tempted.

To the non-Christian, the Lord's Day has no special meaning in a holy sense. The only meaning it has is that it is a day of rest or fun. It is not too difficult for the non-Christian to shift his work schedule to Sunday (Taking the Christian's place) and

then take his rest and have his fun on another day of the week. This is in order and pleasing to God as long as the non-Christian is not interested in the things of God anyway. By doing a favor for the Christian, the non-Christian may become interested in Christianity, realizing that the Christian has a better way of life. When this happens, the Christian may have an opportunity to bring the non-Christian along to church with him. "Let the dead bury their dead," says Jesus.

There are two things that every Christian should bear in mind as he faces his need of observing the Lord's Day in a Christian manner when there are mountains in the way. One, he must examine his own heart to see if he really wants the mountains removed and to what extent he is willing to work with God and willing to sacrifice to have those mountains removed.

Two, that he then look to God and pray to God to remove those mountains, remembering God's promise to remove them.

After you have sincerely prayed about this matter, wait on God to work it out. And if God does not act at once, do not lose patience. If the mountains still do not move, re-examine your motives and your own heart's desire to see if there might be something in your own heart which hinders God from answering your prayer. Is there some cost or some sacrifice that you are not willing to make so that the mountain will move.

It may be that God is testing you. He may let you pray for a while to test the depth of your sincerity. If you are truly sincere, do not give up praying but continue to wait on God. Continue to look for an opening through which you might work with God in moving the mountain. Consider such things as talking to your boss, asking someone to fill in for you on Sunday or whatever else can be done. Do not be ashamed to let your boss and others know that you desire to be in God's house on Sunday morning with your family.

If God opens another job for you which would allow you your Sundays, such should be considered. It might even mean moving to another locality.

Is such too great a price to pay in order to have the privilege of going to God's house on His Day in order to hear His Word preached?

In order to avoid a mountain from springing up in your pathway, it would be well to speak to your employer about your desire to be in God's house the first day of the week, when you hire out to him.

It would be quite impossible to pass laws prohibiting work and play on Sunday in a society which is becoming more and more materialistic and pleasure-minded. However, as Christians, we can bear a witness to the world as to what the Lord's Day means to us as individuals and as a family. With God's help, we can seek deliverance from any kind of enslavement which hinders us in realizing our heart's desire in this.

(Conclusion)

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#### THE SECRET OF LIVING

The secret of living  
is learning to pray.  
It's asking our Father  
for strength for the day!  
It's trusting completely  
that His boundless grace  
will overcome care as  
each problem we face!  
It's walking by faith  
every mile that we plod,  
and knowing our prayers  
bring us closer to God!

—Author Unknown  
The Free Lutheran Lamplighter,  
Roseau, Minn.

#### AFLBS ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIPS BEING OFFERED

The Alumni of Association Free Lutheran Bible school are again offering two \$100 per quarter scholarships for students attending Bible School this coming year. Applications may be obtained by writing to the Bible School. The completed applications should be mailed to Steve Lee, Alumni President, Arvilla, N. Dak. 58214.

# Wonderful Experiences in the Work of God's Kingdom

"IF"

"If" is a short word but it means very much. On one of my trips as the superintendent of the home mission for the United Lutheran Church here on the West Coast, I took a night train from San Francisco to Los Angeles. I had purchased an upper berth. As I entered the sleeping car, a fine gentleman, of about fifty years, sat there; he had the lower berth in the same section as I. He was elegantly dressed and had a glittering diamond ring on one of his fingers. When the train had started, I addressed him: "I beg your pardon, but may I ask a question? You seem to be a business man."

To this he replied, "Yes." He informed me that he was the superintendent of a large firm in Burbank, not far from Los Angeles.

He then put a question to me: "Perhaps you are a business man also?" To which I answered, "Yes, I am a business man, in a manner of speaking."

He said, "What kind of business are you in, if I may ask?"

"I am connected with a life insurance company," I replied.

He: "May I ask what company you are traveling for?"

"Well, I travel in the interest of the greatest and the only life insurance company in the world."

He: "What do you mean by that? There are many of them."

I: "No, my friend; there is but one real life insurance company in the world. The other companies which bear this name give insurance for money when life is gone. But the company I travel for is a real life insurance company and I should be very happy if you would take up a policy from this company if you are not already a policyholder."

He answered, "Oh, I see, you are a preacher."

He informed me that he had not the slightest scintilla of faith that there was anything after death. When life was extinguished here on earth everything was at an end in eternity and that there is nothing more; all else was simply a delusion. He also told me that both of his parents and his two sisters were of the same opinion. I also learned that he himself was one of the most radical infidels I had ever met on any of my trips.

Our conversation was about religion. Although he was an infidel and I was a Christian, our conversation was carried on in a peaceful and very friendly manner.

Among other things, I inquired if he had read the Bible, particularly the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. To this he replied that he had read a part of the Bible but could not remember much of it. I asked him to read the 53rd chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, who wrote the book 700 years before Christ, and then compare this chapter with the four Gospels which treat of the sufferings of Christ before Pontius Pilate and the Crucifixion and then see if these two narratives harmonized. Likewise, to read about God's love for sinners and see if he also was not included in the prayer which Christ uttered upon the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." At times it seemed that I made rather close connection with his soul, but always he drew away from me.

At 10:15 o'clock we both retired. At seven o'clock in the morning I got up and discovered that my friend was already up. Just as I was dressed and got into the corridor, the train had begun to slow up for Burbank. The porter was busy brushing the man's clothes. When he saw me he called out: "Good morning, Sir; I should like to say good-bye to you before I leave."

I answered, "I also want to say good-bye to you, Sir."

As he was holding my hand to say good-bye, I happened to remark, "This is the first and perhaps the last time that our ways cross in this life, but, my friend, let me say this: If the Bible is the Word of God, and the truth of God, which I believe it to be, you, my friend, are taking an awful risk."

As I mentioned the word, "if," he tightened his grip on my hand and said, "Since you have been so kind to me, I shall be open and fair with you. It is just that little word 'if' which you now mentioned which has been bothering me my whole life through. I cannot get away from it."

Then I said, "Well, my friend, that shows that you are not an atheist or a free-thinker, as you profess yourself to be. If you really believe in what you profess, that little word 'if' should not bother you. I hope that you will not be offended with me when I say that I got the impression last night from our little talk that your spiritual foundation was being shattered."

As we parted, possibly for the last time, he handed me his personal card and invited me to come and see him in Burbank. I have come in contact with many unbelievers, and I have come to the conclusion that not one of them really believes in his heart what he professes to be.

—E. B. Slettedahl

## NEW LIFE

Seeing new light  
in eyes once cold,  
faith  
where there had been constant  
struggle,  
joy  
where there had been dissatisfaction,  
love  
where there had been anger,  
a new life,  
growing,  
reaching,  
where it had never reached before,  
touching,  
giving . . .  
Praise You, Lord,  
that my sister  
had become Your child.

Dorothy Seaman  
Kirkland, Wash.

# Women For Christ

## I CORINTHIANS 13

### Gloria's Expanded Translation for Wives

Though I speak ever so convincingly or sweetly, and have not love for my husband, I am become as a wound-up nagging robot or as an irritating drip.

Though I have the gift of budgeting, and understand my husband's innermost self, and am thoroughly educated; and though I have the knack of keeping the housework from piling into mountains, but have no room to love my husband, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my gourmet cooking to fatten him, and work myself to death to please him, and have no time to love "hubby," it profiteth me nothing.

Love is a preservative that stays sweet and good in suffering, that may lead through sorrow, loss of job, home or utter poverty.

Love is not envious of his success, talents, family or friends, but rather stands behind him in all his endeavors and dreams.

Love does not exult herself by "boasting" of what she has to put up with, whether he be "bull-headed," complacent, demanding, critical, indolent, a perfectionist or messy.

Love is not conceited, and prefers her husband to herself—satisfying his needs socially, mentally, spiritually, sexually and physically.

Love is not self-centered, but sacrifices and gives generously of herself and time to him, keeping herself and their home neat and clean, available at his very beck and call.

Love is not easily irritated, but saturates much, even his sarcasm after an unusually trying day, when you feel you cannot take another thing.

Love does not wallow in self-pity by holding grudges, bringing up past

mistakes, old in-law squabbles, or conniving ways to get back at him. Neither does love criticize, nag or become suspicious when he is four hours late for a carefully prepared supper. (P.S. He forgot to call and tell you.)

Love does not rejoice in his failings and faults, advertising them to the world, tearing him down in public, but rejoices in that he is God's perfect mate for her.

Love delights in truthfully sharing their weaknesses with each other and encouraging one another in the faith.

Love endures even with sick and irritable children, an invalid husband, believing that "all things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose."

Love remains through the worst situations, though time passes and death may part.

Love is successful and never falls short, regardless of the circumstances.

Whether there be budgets, they shall be done away with; whether there be intimate chats, they shall cease; whether there be education, it shall vanish away.

For now we know so little about each other, however much time we've spent together, and the best advice of friends is still so poor.

But with Jesus as Lord in our lives, even our inadequacies will turn out to be building blocks in our marriage.

When I was a little girl, I played house with my rag doll and imaginary friends, but when I became a woman I gave up my doll and childhood fantasies for a real live husband, to bear his children and fulfill his needs.

Now we can see and understand only a tiny bit of what God has in store as we've become one flesh—but in years to come, we'll see His ful-

filled plan, if we submit to Him. Right now it's hazy with our expectations and dreams, our prejudices and failures, our likes and dislikes, but when at the grave we say our Good Nights, we'll realize His goodness and mercy have been with us—both still gazing from different vantage points, (one from Glory; the other from earth) until we're reunited once again.

Now abideth fidelity, trust and loyalty to each other, along with our hopes and dreams for the future, bonded together in the **LOVE OF CHRIST**, and the greatest of these is **LOVE!**

—Gloria Peronto

### NORTHEASTERN SOUTH DAKOTA WOMEN MET AT SARON CHURCH

Saron Lutheran Church of rural Roslyn, South Dakota, hosted the spring rally for the Northeastern South Dakota Women's Missionary Federation on Monday afternoon, June 9. The theme for the rally was Psalm 46:1: "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." "In Times Like These" was the theme song.

Mrs. Harold Nygaard, president of the Saron WMF, welcomed the guests. Mrs. Charles Almos of Hope, Sisseton, led the singspiration and Mrs. Stanford Valnes of Buffalo Lake, Eden, gave Scripture and prayer. Musical numbers were provided by ladies from Calvary, Wallace; Ortley Lutheran; Tabor, Webster; and Saron.

Miss Judith Wold, executive secretary of the WMF, showed slides of the work in Brazil and also gave a very challenging message. Are we professing or possessing Christians? she asked. When we hear of frightening things happening in the world, we should not be people of despair, but live joyous, victorious, radiant Christian lives here now. Remember the promise, she reminded, in Deuteronomy 33:27: "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

An offering was taken for the General Fund. There were 68 ladies in attendance.

Mrs. Melvin Hovland, Secretary  
Saron WMF



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# editorials

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## THROUGH FLOOD WATERS

Copy for the previous issue of the *Ambassador* was carried to the post office part way through flood waters on July 2. I was at my mother's and sister's home in Newfolden, Minnesota, when the waters of Middle River rose rapidly during the night and morning, necessitating my wading in fire department hip boots through two stretches of water some rods wide to meet my deadline. It was my most unusual effort in getting the *Ambassador* out on time, to date.

Our home in Newfolden is near the river, which is seldom high except in the spring run-off. But in the recent flood it was higher than we had ever seen it in the soon 35 years our family has lived there. And no one around could ever remember it being as high.

There had been more rain than usual this summer. The ground was at saturation point. Then on July 1 there were several heavy "wet" rains. One wondered how there could be so much rain in the heavens. Later we learned that six and one-half inches fell that day in our town and somewhat the same in the watershed of the river upstream from us.

The river was definitely coming up as we went to bed that night and I even put up a modest marker to be able to check its progress. But there was no possibility of threat, in my mind. Shortly after 4 o'clock, I became aware of unusual sound, nothing loud, but unusual. Subsequent investigation revealed that there were several inches of water on the basement floor and floating objects bumping into something stationary had produced the sounds I'd heard.

The next five hours were ones of both waiting and feverish activity. The first floor was in no danger of being flooded but it seemed wise to remove most things from the basement. Willing helpers came from town and community to help. There were teenagers, both boys and girls, young men and older who helped in some way. As we look back, the heartwarming things about the whole experience were the Lord's care and the ways in which so many helped out.

Almost five feet of water eventually entered the basement. Later in the day the river reached its crest, by now surrounding our home, and hovered at that level for some time. The next day a lowering trend was definite and by the third day it was possible to begin clean-up

work in the basement. The clean-up process is a longer one than one would imagine. What is taken up in two hours may literally take days to clean, sort out and put in place again. In addition, there may be a problem in lighting the gas hot water heater, as there was for us, there are furnace motors to be taken out, etc., etc.

Mother and I were alone at the time of the flood, but my sister, who was away on a trip, returned shortly to help with the clean-up.

An interesting sidelight. Virtually all of our home-canned goods were evacuated ahead of the rising waters. A neighbor left nearly all behind. After the flood word was received that it was dangerous to use such canned goods and those people dumped about 200 jars of home canning.

This has been a year of floods. There are many stories of great economic and sentimental loss. Our own losses were insignificant. But we can say that until one has been even this close, one doesn't realize what it's like to have flood waters rising about your own property and possessions.

All of this happened at our deadline time, but the Lord enabled me to meet it again even though it involved wading through the flood waters of the generally peaceful Middle River.

## SCHOLARSHIPS FOR THE BIBLE SCHOOL

This *Ambassador* carries a notice about Alumni Association scholarships for students at our Bible School. The Alumni, other friends of the School and other organizations make assistance available to young people who are planning to attend AFLBS. These limited grants have made the difference in some cases in whether a student has enrolled or not.

This fall the economic situation for many people will not have improved much. Out students may not find part-time work as easy to obtain as in the past, although we hope the employment situation will be good. Scholarship assistance, from whatever source, can be a real God-send.

Now a word of caution to those who as individuals or organizations are giving assistance to a Bible School student or contemplate doing so. The same is true of parents. It is better not to give a student a "free ride" either by outright gift or loan. The reason is that unless the young person is unusually industrious and studious, having all afternoon free becomes a burden to him and a good deal of time is not well used.

Several hours of employment in the afternoons (usually the best time for part-time work) and the evenings and Saturdays for study, this is a schedule that seems to work out well. Yes, there are extra-curricular activities that take up some evening hours, too, but the careful student will manage to do his work well and on time. Having the afternoons free for study, for most students, just isn't that productive, and may be counter-productive, although there are notable exceptions, to be sure.

Assistance for students, yes; but it's better to stop short of paying the whole way or loaning the full amount.

GEORGE MOHR RISKS  
THE YARDS

George Mohr, hobo, lay face down on his coat in the railroad yard. It had rained that afternoon, but George had found a partly dry spot between two small rivers that had been dirt and cinders before the rain.

"Hey, Buddy." He had heard the man sloshing up behind him but had decided he wouldn't give him any signal that he wanted to be friendly. After he heard the greeting, George waited about a minute before he rolled over, and said, "Huh?" The man standing in front of him was wearing a gray pinstriped jacket and a pair of pants that had once belonged to a tuxedo. He was carrying a bottle. Two more bulged out of his pants' pockets. All three were full.

"Whatsa matter, Chum? You don't sound very talkative," the newcomer asked.

"I don't know," said George.

"Blue?"

"Guess so."

"Most likely the rain. Listen, I had a streak of luck this afternoon and I been looking for a guy to share it. I'm riding the cushions to Pittsburgh tonight and I got me three pints. Now, I can't take them all with me, so I'll give you one for the road. I'll take one with me, and we'll split the other right now. Come on, this'll fix up your blues."

George pulled his coat from underneath him with one hand and reached for the bottle with the other. "Thanks, Chum," he said.

When George and his new friend had finished the bottle between them, the switching engine smoke that trailed along the yards like low sky-writing looked not as gray as it had; it looked pink instead. By ten o'clock, George was about ready to tell the stranger some of his troubles when the man got to his feet, tried to shake a crease back into his tuxedo pants. "Ten o'clock's my time of departure," he said. "Been good seeing you, Chum."

George watched him heading across the yard. He could see a watchman's lantern splash light on the man's back

rhythmically. Or was it two lanterns, or maybe three?

"Mighty strong stuff in that bottle," George thought as he swung his legs across a rail on the railroad siding and fell soundly asleep.

He thought he was on a freight car riding through the Kentucky mountains, the roadbed was bad, he was shaking and shaking and shaking. He woke up and he was still shaking. A policeman had him by both shoulders. "For the love of Pete, man, look!" the policeman shouted.

"Huh?" George wanted to go back to his ride through Kentucky. "What is it?"

"Nothing at all!" the policeman answered. "See that empty coach standing there beside you? It came rolling down here toward you in the dead of night and it stopped—not six inches to spare, from your legs."

There was something not six inches from him, but it was too fuzzy to be a coach. George ran his hand along the cinders until he touched the cold steel of the car wheel. He was suddenly very sick to his stomach with fear, but the policeman prodded him again.

He scrambled to his feet.

"And get out of here," the policeman warned. "You're cluttering up the place."

George drifted to the other side of the yards, focused his eyes on another freight and made for it. He was just about to climb into it when the railroad policeman spotted him and fired twice.

George heard the plop of the bullets against the wood of the car, just over his head. Then he ran as fast as he could totter to the engine tender, climbed in, jackknifed into a heap and passed out. As his body went soft with unconsciousness, an arm and leg drooped over the side of the tender limp as so much spaghetti.

The fireman's voice sounded as if he had spent a lifetime outroaring steam and the flames of his firebox. "You're a fool," he bellowed. George tried to push away the sound, gave up and opened his eyes. He was still on the coal tender, but the train had stopped. A red-faced man was shouting at him.

"You almost got killed, you fool."

"Huh? Whata' you mean?"

"I just got this rattler stopped in time after I seen you. You had one arm and one leg hanging off the side of the tender and we're heading for a tunnel. You'd been smashed flatter than a pancake."

George didn't sleep much the rest of the night. He was sober now, feeling the jounce and jolt of the train in all his bones. Three close calls in one night, but what difference if they hadn't missed? At least, it would have been a clean ending to a disordered life. He lay there, thinking about the jumble.

He remembered the quivering in his stomach when he was seven, back in the 1880's, and they'd told him his mother was sick. The doctor in Utica had called it "slow consumption." George didn't know much about it, but he did know it was bad. And he was scared.

He had a feeling then if he lost Mama, everything would be upside-down. But if he stayed with her all the time, maybe he wouldn't lose her.

In those days George got halfway to school mornings with his sister when he paled. "You go on," he said. "I'm going back to Mama."

He ran down the lane, peeped in her window; if she were sleeping, he crawled inside and under the bed.

Later, when she woke, she called out, "George, 'liebschen.' You are under the bed again."

George pulled his body out over the floor. "Yes, Mama. I'm here."

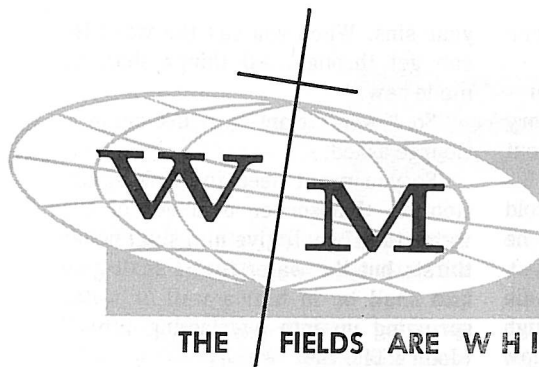
"So many times you slip home from school and hide under Mama's bed you should be scolded, George," Mama reasoned. "Your papa will scold."

"I'll get out before he comes home," George promised. "I just got to be with you. I just got to."

Papa found out. But this scolding couldn't take Mama away from George, any more than the cane licking the minister gave him could. His father, in despair, turned him over to the minister. Nothing could take Mama away from George.

Until the day he ran home from school, slid under her bed and waited. He collected those dust kittens into a mound by sweeping them along the floor with the arm of his jacket and

*(Continued on page 11)*



# WORLD MISSIONS

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE UNTO HARVEST

## THE NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING IN BRAZIL

by Missionary C. J. Dyrud

"O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people" (Ps. 105:1).

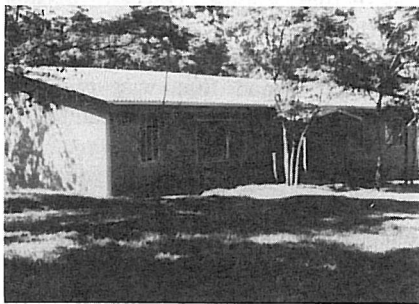
We are so thankful to God for the estate, gifts, and prayers offered up so unselfishly by you in the States to make it possible for this new all-brick administration building to be built.

In September, 1974, under the supervision of Rev. C. J. Dyrud and consulting engineer Dr. Helio, city engineer for Camp Mourao, and Rev. John Abel, advisor, the ground was leveled, materials were bought and contractors started to build. Things moved along slowly with month-long shortages of cement and other items, plus inflation running out of control for about eight months. But finally, by Christmas, things began to normalize and moved ahead right on time with the termination date set in March in time for classes.

The building is now finished with just some finishing touches left to do and on April 20th we had a dedication service with all our congregations invited and dignitaries who helped in the construction.

We are also thankful to God for being able to stay within our estimated budget of \$18,000.00, even with soaring inflation.

We ask you to pray with us about a future addition to the administration building: the long-needed kitchen and dining hall. These are still located in the boys' dorm. Which can be very dangerous as the boys return late from classes at night and have the tendency of raiding the ice box. HA!!! It is also small and cramped and during conventions cannot begin to accommodate all. It also brings in



The new administration building

mice and rats into the boys' dorm, which is a wooden structure. The new kitchen would be all-brick and will cost about \$5,000.00.

We ask you all to remember this in your prayers. This is the year of change. Pastor Abel and family go home and Pastor G. Knapp and family come to Brazil. We are also happy for Priscilla Wold, who is studying the Portuguese language in Sao Paulo and will help with the work starting in December.

The work goes forward, but we would want to see it move ahead a lot faster. The Trans-Amazon highway is opening up the heart of the jungle and with it move thousands of people. Not only Brazilians but people from all over the world are moving in to find a new way of life. Our plea goes out for more families to help in the harvest fields of life.

We have come to a standstill and cannot expand much more without your help. We are waiting on God to call out workers NOW!!!! More so than ever before.

We ask you, each reader, to pray about this and make sure of your calling of God.

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send ME" (Is. 6:8).

(Continued from page 10)

he waited—and waited.

But Mama never called out to him that day. She was dead.

After his mother died, he'd hired out on a farm at the age of thirteen. He hated it and left as soon as he could. He drifted back to Utica and got a job as a bartender on Genesee Street.

On Genesee Street, he found the way to forget his troubles. He got acquainted with the laughing, the forgetting, and the clouds that come from a bottle. After a while, it was mostly clouds that were coming his way. Clouds and "hang-overs." George was a miserable 17-year-old.

So he left Utica, tried a job punching cattle on a Texas ranch. Next there was a spell in Chicago, tending bar again. He lasted there five years. Then he got an urge to see Utica once more.

The tender jostled George on through the darkness. He might have made good his trip back to Utica, if it hadn't been for liquor. Because he met Sally there, in hop-picking season at a country dance. With her long blond hair, she was the prettiest girl there.

He tried to remember whether he got high that very first night they met. No matter—it wasn't long before Sally found out he was nothing more than a drunk.

She married him, anyway, because she truly loved him. She stayed by him, too. From town to town, job to job, for 20 years, through more drunks than he could count. Even with the five children, she stayed by him, babied him, loved him. Sally was a good woman.

He couldn't forget the day the d.t.'s got hold of him. Snakes and rats and spiders and elephants crawling on the walls, beckoning to him. He was in the cellar, but the snakes were wrapped around the furnace pipes. "Doesn't somebody, somewhere care about me?" he shrieked.

Sally came down the cellar stairs. "George, don't say that. I care about you. I love you with all my heart."

He shoved her away. "I'm leaving, Sally. I'll be back. But I got to go away—far away. I can't face the children or you or anybody else any more. I'll be back when I've pulled myself together some."

After that, he "hoboed" across the country. From state to state, from coast to coast, keeping drunk most of the time. He slept in jails and in Skid Row "jungles." He lied, he pawned his clothes, he stole to get his liquor.

"For eight years, you been a bum, George Mohr," he told himself lying in the coal tender as it chugged into Muskegon, Michigan. "Nobody would have cared if you'd been smashed in that tunnel."

But he hadn't been smashed. And he hadn't forgotten that the next morning in Muskegon. He heard some talk on a street corner about the government camps hiring men for labor.

"Maybe I'll stay stationary for a while," he decided, "and get me some honest dough."

An address after his name, that ache in his muscles that came from swinging a shovel and not from sleeping in a "hobo jungle"—all added up to a new feeling about himself. He spaced his drunks farther apart, and he thought more and more about his home. Finally, he wrote to his daughter Ruth. "I think I'm getting a grip on myself," he wrote. "Tell your mother."

For the next week, he didn't drink at all. At mail time, he hung around his box, waiting for a letter. But then he caught a whiff of somebody's whisky on a down breeze and he hiked along the road into town one night.

He was seeing double when he shuffled into camp early the next morning, but he knew there was just one letter in his mailbox. It was from his daughter Ruth. He kept seeing double when he tried to read it, but then, like a quart of black coffee, a cold shower, the words in the letter sobered him up.

"I have to let you know that Mother died yesterday morning. She was drawing water at the kitchen sink for a pot of tea, when she got dizzy and died in my arms less than 20 minutes later," Ruth wrote.

George put the letter in his pocket, walked out beyond the camp and lay down at the edge of a lake. He stretched out his arms, tore at the grass and sobbed. Go to his wife's funeral? He couldn't. He was too

ashamed. He should have been smashed in the tunnel.

The next day, he left the government camp. He got a job in a factory in another Michigan town. He cut down on his liquor and saved his money. "Going to Chicago," he told the fellows he worked with. But he didn't tell them why.

When George got off the train in Chicago in 1940, he was sober enough to hail a redcap. "Hey, Bud, know where the Pacific Garden Mission is?" he said.

"Yes, sir," the redcap said. "Straight ahead that way to State Street, then turn north. You can't miss it."

George nodded. "Thank you," he said. "I should know. I've been here once before. There's a man there that can help me, if anybody in the world can help me. He's got the best face I ever seen." He fell over a suitcase. The redcap looked bored, picked up the suitcase and moved away.

Straight ahead that way to State Street, then turn north. Or had the man said go straight north till you come to State Street? For half a day George roamed Skid Row, up and down State, Van Buren, Clark, Madison. He had missed it, though.

He fell over a drunk sticking his feet across the sidewalk, and went on. He peered in windows and at electric signs, sorting them out for one that said, "Pacific Garden Mission."

And he looked for the man with "the best face" he'd ever seen. He saw scared faces, rouged faces, sooty faces, and then he saw—the good face he'd been searching for—and the sign that said "Pacific Garden Mission."

The door was opened and there was the man with the smiling face inside the doorway of the mission. "Come on in, my friend. Come in," he called out.

"I came a long way to find you," George said. He took off his hat, tried to smooth down the rim that ruffled and bunched below the greasy black ribbon.

"Is that so? I'm Harry Saulnier," the superintendent said.

The prayer room was quiet and dark. "I know you're drunk now, George," the superintendent told him. "But God can get to you, even through

your sins. When you say the word He can get through. All things shall be made new."

"So I won't want to drink again?" George asked.

"So you won't need to drink again, George. 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'" (John 4:14).

"Then that's what I want," George Mohr said. "I want that well of everlasting water."

And that's exactly what he got. "No more drifting or hunting any more. For years I've been filled and satisfied and happy," said George Mohr. "God is all for us—providin' we're all for Him!"

UNSHACKLED; Courtesy, Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.

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#### THANK YOU, DEAR LORD

Thank You, dear Lord, for a couple  
You sent to love me, a sister and  
two brothers.

You knew our life's road—pained;  
By the sorrowful death of our parents.

But You came ahead to direct us,  
With a couple's love to surround us.

Thank You, dear Lord, for meeting  
every need,  
And hearing at times our selfishness  
plead.

The love You've shown, the kindness  
and care,  
We feel so unworthy for things You  
must bear.

We gave up our parents, like You gave  
up Your Son,  
But eternal life is given through  
Your Holy One.

Please bless this couple every day,  
dear Lord,  
And continue to live in them through  
Your word.

For as an uncle and aunt, they helped  
raise us,  
Along with Your guiding hand  
around us!

Mrs. Henry Mohagen  
Plummer, Minn.



# NEWS of the Churches

## ANNIVERSARY, DEDICATION, ORDINATION TAKE PLACE AT VALLEY CITY CHURCH

Sunday, June 22, was a very special day for the congregation of Grace Lutheran Church, Valley City, N. Dak., as our tenth anniversary was observed and one of our "sons," Timothy Kevin Skramstad, was ordained into the ministry of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations. The day began with a service of holy communion and Pastor Gary Skramstad, DeKalb, Ill., shared the meditation. Then, at the 10:30 a.m. worship hour, a new pulpit and lectern were dedicated by AFLC President Rev. John P. Strand in memory of Pastor F. B. Monseth and Anton Sorensen. Former pastor H. C. Molstre was present to share a greeting with the congregation and Rev. Francis Monseth brought the

message.

An anniversary banquet was held in the church parlors during the dinner hour, which was followed by a brief program led by Pastor Robert Lee, present pastor at Grace. Pastor Robert Rieth, Kirkland, Wash., another son of the parish, shared greetings with the congregation, and Emil Hass, Jr., spoke on behalf of the church council.

The afternoon ordination service was led by Rev. Kenneth Anderson, McVille, N. Dak., and Pastor Strand brought the message. Other participating pastors were Robert Lee, Francis Monseth and Gary Skramstad. Following this service, the Ladies Aid served a fellowship dinner in the church parlors, thus concluding the day's festivities.

Although the official beginning of

Grace Lutheran Church dates back only one decade, the history of the origin of a Free Lutheran Congregation in Valley City can be traced back to 1879. The present congregation was re-organized by the Lutheran Free Church remnant which chose to continue under the Guiding Principles following the merger division of the early 1960's. During the past ten years, a special blessing from the Lord has been to see six of our young men from the parish enter the ministry. (Two of them are from the Zion Church of Green Township, our sister congregation in the parish.) Five of these men serve within the AFLC; a sixth, Rev. Philip Mikkelson, is a pastor with another denomination.

Many preparations went into the planning for this special festive day. An anniversary booklet was printed, the church parlor and classrooms were re-painted, and the outside of the building and doors were redecorated for the occasion. Also, a month earlier, new shrubbery was planted all around the building and additional parking space and a storage building were provided on the west side.

One sidelight of the day was that an anniversary goal had been set for a special missions offering of one thousand dollars, which was well exceeded.

—Corr.



The family of the late Pastor F. B. Monseth stand in front of the memorial pulpit. They are, left to right, Mrs. Erling Huglen, Mrs. F. B. Monseth and Rev. Francis Monseth.



Pastors participating in the ordination service at Grace Church were: left to right, Francis Monseth, Robert Lee, John P. Strand, Timothy Skramstad, who was ordained, Gary Skramstad and Kenneth Anderson.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**DATING** by Clyde M. Narramore  
price \$.60

Though only 40 pages to read, much is said in a few words. Many questions are answered. The problems of youth are frankly faced and good, sound, Christian counsel is offered.

Dating can be very worthwhile, not only in finding a life mate, but also in learning to get along with other people, exchanging ideas and in gaining maturity as an adult.

It is not only good looks that makes a boy or girl popular. There are things one can do for himself (or herself) in becoming more likable and desirable for dating.

The pros and cons of going steady are discussed. Sometimes it is wise, oft times it is unwise.

The dangers and pitfalls are faced and suggestions are given as to how to avoid them.

The author writes from a Christian viewpoint, ever stressing that dating and all that relates to it will be a much more meaningful and happy experience when Jesus is in the heart.

**THE OTHER SIDE OF MORALITY**  
by Fritz Ridenour; price \$1.45

It is too bad that a book such as this is needful in our day. However, because of how deeply our society and the general public has allowed itself to be influenced by evil thinking, this book becomes very timely and needful reading.

The author mentions two men, Joseph Fletcher and Hugh Hefner, who strongly advocate free immorality. He attacks their reasoning with Biblical truth.

The Christian who has no problem with this, should also read this book in order to re-fortify himself with the Biblical arguments which this writer brings to our attention.

There seems to be a great deal of evidence that Noah's Ark is still stranded high up on Mount Ararat.

Following are a couple of interesting books on this subject:

**NOAH'S ARK, I TOUCHED IT** by Fernard Navarra; price \$2.95.

This is a personal account of the author's experience in his attempt to locate the ark.

**NOAH'S ARK: FABLE OR FACT?**  
by Violet M. Cummings; price \$1.95.

The writer has gathered materials and bits of information of various attempts to reach the Ark, and what information (be it fable or fact) that is known.

Rev. Gerald F. Mundfrom

These books may be purchased from Bible Book-Mission, Inc., 809 McHugh Avenue, Grafton, N. Dak. Please include something for postage and sales tax.

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## A CHRISTIAN GARDEN

Plant:

Five rows of P's: Prayer, Perseverance, Politeness, Promptness, Preparedness.

Three rows of Squash: Squash criticism, Squash gossip, Squash Indifference.

Six rows of Turn-ups: Turn up at church, Turn up with your Bible, Turn up with the Lord's tithe and your offerings, Turn up with a smile, Turn up with a visitor, Turn up with determination to win others to Christ.

Five rows of Let-us: Let us be faithful to God and His work, Let us be unselfish, Let us be loyal to the church and pastor, Let us be truthful and honest with God, Let us love one another and all of His people.

The Lamplighter  
Minnewaukan, N. Dak.

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*(Continued from page 16)*

The winner over three other candidates in a vote among congregational councils in the Copenhagen diocese, the new bishop was formally appointed by royal resolution.

Retiring Bishop Westergaard-Madsen was general secretary of the Copenhagen Society of Parochial Social Work from 1942-60. He also was chairman of the LWF's Commission on Inner Missions.

## CHURCH BELL WANTED

Bethany Lutheran Church, Bemidji, Minn., desires a church bell. Anyone having one for sale should contact the pastor, Ray S. Persson, 1220 Minnesota Avenue, Bemidji, Minnesota 56601.

## CAN I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND?

Upon the vastness of the dark  
I see the fiery crystal sparks  
Formed from God's Word, flung from  
God's hand

Across a void that has no end  
Or beginning. Can I discern  
One-tenth of all those orbs that run  
In harmony at His command?  
Can I begin to understand  
The awesome, wondrous power of  
God?

Upon a lone and brutal hill,  
I see the Savior's lifeblood spill  
Across the rough wood of a cross.  
Can I perceive the awful cost,  
The awful price paid to set free  
My soul? He reaches out to me  
With tenderness His nail-scarred  
hand.

Can I begin to understand  
The awesome, wondrous love of God?

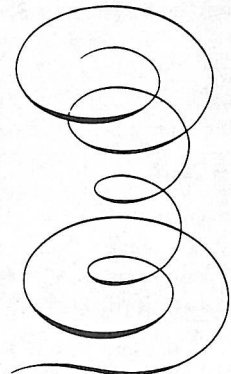
Marlene Moline  
Lansing, Iowa

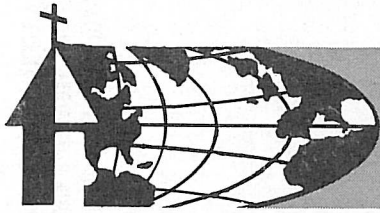
## THE LAW OF GOD

The Law of God is nothing more nor less than God's holiness, God's nature and God's will, expressed in words.

The Law is the plowing, the Gospel is the seed.

What is the Law but the will of God?  
C. O. Rosenius





## CHURCH-WORLD NEWS

### FIRST BLACK BISHOP NAMED BY LUTHERANS IN RHODESIA

Bulawayo, Rhodesia—(LC)—A new bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Rhodesia (ELCR)—the first black to hold the position—has urged his 25,000-member constituency to “preach Christ with a sincerity that makes people really see Christ.”

Bishop J. C. Shiri, 46, was consecrated here on June 29 by his predecessor, Bishop Sigfrid Strandvik, 65, a missionary of the Church of Sweden Mission, who has been head of the Rhodesian church since 1964.

The new bishop is the third to hold the episcopal post since it was introduced in 1959, when the resident head of the Church of Sweden Mission, the Rev. A H. Albrektson, was named.

Bishop Shiri was elected by 116 delegates to a church assembly at Masase Mission. Born in 1929, he received his diploma in theology at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Oscarsberg, South Africa (later moved to Umpu-mulo, Natal), and was ordained in 1959. He earned a BA degree at the University of Rhodesia.

Elected in a contest with two other black Rhodesian candidates, the new bishop is married and has four children and most recently has been serving as chaplain at Chegato Secondary School.

The outgoing bishop, in a comment on the situation, expressed the hope that it would be possible in the foreseeable future to create a just society without racial discrimination.

While stating he definitely favored a majority rule, Bishop Strandvik said he hoped provisions would be made for the non-African minority to remain in Rhodesia and take part in a positive way in the development of the country.

### BISHOP LØNNING RESIGNS: PROTESTS NEW ABORTION LAW

Oslo—(LC)—Bishop Per Lønning, one of the ten bishops of the Church of Norway, resigned May 29, in protest against a liberalized abortion law just passed by the Norwegian Parliament (Storting).

Bishop Lønning, who heads the Borg diocese near Oslo, said in his resignation letter to the King that the voice of the church had been ignored by the authorities.

Earlier, bishops on various occasions have protested strongly against the new abortion law. In practice, the law will make free abortions available to Norwegian women.

In his letter of resignation, the Bishop of Borg also brought in the question of the future status of the Lutheran Church of Norway, which is a state church. He wrote:

“It is my sincere conviction that my resignation will accelerate the development of full church independence from the state.” The bishop in the past has called the state-church system an “anachronism.”

Bishop Lønning’s resignation—the first by a Norwegian bishop in peacetime—came at the peak of a heated nation-wide debate over the last two years on abortion laws.

Bishop Lønning had been a member of Parliament (Conservative) for eight years when he was appointed in 1969—at the age of 41—as bishop of Borg. He has two doctors’ degrees, one in theology and one in philosophy, from the University of Oslo.

While in the USA recently, he received the Roman Catholic Pax Christi Award of St. John’s University, Collegeville, Minn., in recognition of his role as “a staunch defender and valiant proponent of the pro-life cause.”

### DR. EDWARD LINDELL TO HEAD GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS COLLEGE

St. Peter, Minn.—(LC)—Dr. Edward Albert Lindell, who has been dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Denver since 1965 after four years as assistant dean, has been named president of Gustavus Adolphus College here.

Dr. Lindell, 46, will assume his new post in August, succeeding Dr. Frank Barth, whose resignation was effective June 30. He will be the 11th president of the 113-year-old college, which has about 2,000 students.

Born in Denver, Nov. 30, 1928, Dr. Lindell obtained his B.A. degree from the University of Denver in 1950, his M.A. in 1956 and an Ed.D. in 1960. For nine years, 1952-61, he was a teacher at North Denver high school before joining the university’s faculty.

A layman of the Lutheran Church in America, he has been prominent in both the Rocky Mountain Synod and in national church affairs, serving currently as vice chairman of the management committee for the LCA’s Division for Mission in North America.

Gustavus Adolphus was founded by Eric Norelius, an immigrant Swedish Lutheran pastor, as St. Ansgar’s Academy in 1862. After several years in Red Wing it was moved to East Union and then to St. Peter where it was named Gustavus Adolphus in honor of the Swedish king who defended Protestantism during the Thirty Years War. Until 1962, the college was supported by the Minnesota Conference of the Augustana Lutheran Church and since then by the Minnesota and Red River Valley Synods of the LCA.

## NEW PRIMATE APPOINTED FOR CHURCH OF DENMARK

Copenhagen—(LC)—The Rev. Ole Bertelsen, a parish pastor and former mission executive, has been named bishop of Copenhagen—the leading post in the Church of Denmark. He will succeed retiring Bishop Willy Westergaard-Madsen, 68, who has held the position since 1960.

The new bishop, 50, was consecrated June 15 in services at the Cathedral of Copenhagen. At the same time, another new bishop—the Rev. Henrik Christiansen, 53—became head of the Aalborg diocese.

The bishop of Copenhagen has no legal power superior to that of the oth-

er nine bishops of Denmark but is traditionally considered “primus inter pares”—first among equals. The Copenhagen diocese covers the city and its suburbs, the island of Bornholm, the Faroe Islands and Greenland.

A pastor at Hillerup since 1971, the new Copenhagen bishop was general secretary of the Danish Missionary Society from 1965-71. In addition to pastorates in Copenhagen and rural areas, he was secretary general of the Danish YMCA from 1958-62. Also, from 1963-70, he was a member of the Lutheran World Federation’s former Commission on Stewardship and Evangelism.

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